

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1880.

### Selling the Farm.

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know what you want to say;  
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the mortgage we cannot pay.  
I know that the mortgage is, I have thought of it for eons and o'ers;  
For the wheat has failed on the eastern lot, where wheat never failed before,  
And everything here's gone backwash since the wheat failed for the first time.  
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the homestead, for you and me;  
I know it was best to give it; it was right that — the debts be paid;  
I thought that the merciful Father, in the hours of his weakness, made;  
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it as well as I,  
If the ship had not gone down that night when the wheat failed;  
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and even I've tried to pray—  
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd surely be here to-day.)  
For I believe that the merciful Father would somehow care for the lad,  
Because he was trying to better the past, and because he was all we had.  
But now I am well, high hopes, since hope for my boy has fled,  
For I believe that the merciful Father, and knowing for sure he's dead,  
Oh! Thomas, how can we leave it, this home we have always known?  
We won't be away from the forest, and made it so much our own.  
First day that we kept him together was the day that you brought me here;  
And no other place in the wide, wide world will ever be half so dear.  
Of course, you remember it, Thomas—I need never tell you that I know  
For this is the month, and this the day—it was twenty-six years ago.  
And don't you remember it, then, as the winter the barn was made?  
How we were so proud and happy, for all our debts were paid—  
Those were good that summer, and everything worked like a charm,  
And we felt so rich and contented to think we had made that for our boy;  
And now to think we must leave it, when here I was hoping to die,  
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the fount of my tears is dry;  
There's a man up there in the village that day I met, that he kept him together;  
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it, but why does he come to-day?  
But there, it is wrong to grieve, you for you have borne enough to bear,  
And in case of your children you always have home your share;  
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so childish grown.  
There, then, go on to the village, let me have it out alone.  
  
Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so weary and slow,  
There is not much in his legs to-day like twenty-six years ago.  
But I think that he's whistling—'Home, Sweet Home,' as he opened the golden gate,  
And his love is as strong as ever, and, for Will, our lost child that day I met,  
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes through the open door.  
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always his words,  
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it again to-day.  
I knew when my boy was coming, he it ever so early or late,  
He was as the whistling—'Home, Sweet Home,' as he opened the golden gate,  
And many and many a moment, since that night that the ship was down,  
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there on the road long down;  
And it seems as if I might, on some night, early and late,  
Have I held my breath at a footstep, that seemed to pause at this gate.  
I hope that he cannot see us, wherever his feet may tread,  
But would grieve him to know the trouble, that's come to father and me.  
Out there is the tree he planted, the day he was twelve years old;  
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning it to gold,  
And often when I was lonely, and no one near at hand,  
I have talked to it, hours together—as if it could understand—  
And sometimes I used to sing, whenever spoke of my boy.  
It was waving his leaves together, like clapping his hands for joy;  
It may be the man that will own it, that's come to buy it to-day,  
Will be clapping it down, and digging it up, and burning it out of the way.  
And there are the pansies' tender, and the roses he hoped to tend;  
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as good as tried and true;  
And now we must go, and leave them—bless them! there they have come from town;  
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even to change my gown.  
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is getting late.  
And the stranger's a whistling—'Home, Sweet Home,' as he comes up from the gate.  
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want to look on his face.  
What right has he to the whistling that, unless he has bought the place.  
  
Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually steps so slow;  
There's something coming past his footstep like twenty-six years ago.  
There's something that sounds like gladness, and this man that he passed to me.  
Before me—Will! What can I hear from home to die and see my boy?  
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and holding my hands so tight?  
And why don't you tell me plainly—must we go from the farm to-night?  
What's that? Oh, Thomas! What are the tidings, and tidings of wonderful joy?  
It cannot be any joyous, unless it is news of my boy.  
Oh, Thomas! You cannot mean it! Here I sit, and you tell me that—  
Now tell me again it is Will that's waiting to buy the place.  
—*Chorus Inter-Ocean.*  
  
In this play, the author has endeavored to make the facts rather than the emotion. Dr. Hall's *Cough Syrup* is just the remedy for every one who has a cough, cold, or a sore throat, or any throat trouble.

**TOM'S SISTER.**

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## TIMELY TOPICS.

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**FOR THE FAIR SEX.**

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### Blue Gentian—A Thought.

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**PARK, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.**

**RICE FEEDING.**—Three-quarters of a cup of boiled rice, a pint of milk, and the yolks of three eggs, the greatest kind of a tonic, a little salt, and a little sugar, with corn, heat the yolks of the eggs to a stiff froth and add a cupful and a half of rice, and pour it over the top, eat it in the oven and brown.

**PLAIN SUGAR CAKES.**—One cupful sugar and tablespoonful butter rubbed together, one cupful milk, one cupful sweet milk, one and a half cupfuls sifted flour, a little salt, one spoonful soda, one tablespoonful cream of tartar added with the flour; season with autumn; bake in small tins.

**APPLE PUDDING.**—Soak the fruit, and either stew them in a stone jar, or bake them. When cold, mix the pulp, of the sugar with sugar and lemon pulp stirred fine, taking as little of the apple juice as you can. Bake them in a thin paste in a small tin; a crust of an hour will do them, if small. Quince macerated or cinnamon pouched is an improvement.

**HAM BALLS.**—Boil six eggs until very light, and add four gradually until you have a batter stiff enough to stand of being made into balls, which may be cold boiled ham, fat and onion mixed, by chopping it up very fine; then flour it, and mix with the sugar. Drop the balls into melted lard that is boiling hot; fry, and then drain them on a sieve till the fat has been cut from the joints. This is a nice way to use ham after it has been sent to the table several days, and a good dish, which can be made in the joint, that, if no longer makes a very slightly dish.

**Horses.**—There is a sudden determination of blood to the head, generally attacking horses at work, or in harness upon the road, producing a swelling which may be mistaken for apoplexy. It is a temporary loss of voluntary power and sensation. The symptoms are as follows: The animal is first observed to shake his head as the fit approaches, reels and falls down, and then recovers; a few minutes to half an hour, almost motionless. He soon recovers, rises to his feet, shakes himself and goes on as if nothing had occurred. These fits are more salient to this trouble than others in shilling heavy loads. It may, or may not, be recommended by disease of the brain, and it is a singular fact that horses which have been affected have often recovered by means of the same which rode under the saddle, a convincing proof that the colic may exist without producing the fit, and by means of upon jugular veins, causing an undue pressure of blood upon the brain from the dilated condition of the veins in the head. The remedy is to procure a collar which fits the neck snugly, keep the horse in the stall, and by no means feed corn or rough feed.

**Shaking Cows.**

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: I have tried all the various ways to prevent cows from kicking while milking, and have found none more harmless, easily applied, and so effective as the Dutch or Holland method, which is to take a small rope about four feet long and put it around both hind legs, just above the hams, holding with a slipknot, draw tight enough to bring the hams firmly against the wind the rope two or three times between the legs, around this rope or more, draw it tight, and fasten the rope by a half hitch. In North Elkhart, this is practiced on all the cows at every dairy. They are driven to the milking-ground, where the stanch are driven about two feet high, and the cows are driven into the stalls for milking. Each cow goes directly to its own stall, and when to be milked they pull the rope down to its proper position to have their legs fast. The Dutch milk-milk is mostly of the size of a small milk-bush, the necessity of having the cows stand moderately still, otherwise they are liable to get into the stalls.

**Cool out for summer.**

A correspondent of the California Horticulturist, having examined all the various remedies for this disease, and the minute forms of insect life which prey upon plants, resorted to cool, all which proved to be complete extermination. He says: I procured from a druggist on stomach, and filling a bottle with kerosene, sprayed over the plants to be exterminated upon. It was a very dirty plant, branches and leaves covered not only with scale, but with black fungus, a very small quantity sufficed to exterminate and cover the entire plant. After the field had eroded, and the plants were ready, the area were found dead, starved, and partly detached, and with the slightest touch of the hand, the black fungus also, which everybody knows is no sensation on the leaf, was dried up into a powder, which I shake out to the ground.

**A brilliant blundered robber.**

One of the cleverest diamond robbers of modern times is reported in a town of old conspiracy by the leading journals of St. Petersburg. About a fortnight ago a handsome equipture drew up at the door of the first private in the capital. Alighting, the carriage, an elegantly dressed and remarkably pretty young lady entered the shop and requested that some quantity of brilliants might be shown to her. Several costly sets were forthwith submitted for inspection, and after some hesitation she selected a ring and pendants valued at 10,000 rubles, and stating that she was the wife of an eminent mandarin, she gave him a name in a loud word in St. Petersburg, requested the proprietor of the establishment to accompany her home with the jewelry in order to settle finally with her husband about their price. The jeweler packed up his diamonds and got into the carriage with his fair customer. Presently they arrived at a large house, and were received at the entrance by a Sotnik in splendid livery, who conducted them up a brilliant-lit staircase into a richly-furnished drawing-room, in which the lady begged her companion to take a seat, and jewel-box in hand, proceeded to examine the brilliants. Entering the doctor's examination-room in an apartment of unaccountable agitation, she informed the latter that she had brought her unfortunate spouse to visit him, in the hope that he would undertake to cure him of the stronger monomaniacal manner which he had labored for some time past. "My afflicted husband," she said, "is a wealthy landowner in the government of Minsk; he is quiet and harmonious, but has diamonds on the brain; he will talk of nothing else now but how I will sell you some diamonds. Will you see him? I have left him in your drawing-room, and you must two or three times a day tell him you diagnose his case! Might I, therefore, ask you to accompany me to my carriage before you go to him? It will be such a relief to me to leave him in your care!" Her impulsive desire was approved with generous manners. She drove off with the diamonds, an interview between the doctor and the jeweler being confirmed. The doctor, in respect to the latter's alleged monomaniacal, and resented in his living place under bodily restraint, from which he was only released three days later by one of his patients, who accompanied, with the assistance of the police, in tracking him to Dr. V.'s renowned private lunatic asylum. No trace has yet been discovered of the young lady after several weeks, in every sense of the word, "brilliant" comp.—London Times.